

I have seen Mr. Dewey in situations incident to life, particularly to the life of an advocate of a party, the defender of a measure in moments when human nature has been tested to its utmost, in moments when advocates would as prove as heartily as opponents would condemn. To fix the vision there and say "behold the man" is not to misrepresent him as it is to reveal the little, the narrowness of ourselves. It is to confuse an expression of a life with a life. It is to mistake the ray of light for the star from whence it came. Let us not do that. I may not see the man, but he cannot who thus looks.

I see a young man, tall, muscular, full of physical energy and endowed with a mind of far more than ordinary strength. Not yet has the culture of schools smoothed that rugged energy; not yet has the experience of life given the sagacity which comes to nature that feel they must regard their own weakness in the conflicts of life.

The consciousness of strength gives a tremendous force to self-reliance. To such a man the world of thought is a battlefield. Man is the commander of his ideas; he will gather facts as recruits; he will train them as soldiers; he will marshal them as battalions; he will hurl them on foes as an armed force, confident that he can win. Such a mind dislikes to waste time, energy on skirmishes, he wants battles. He is a warrior. He will train his guns rapidly; he will fire them with haste, he will shoot them to the muzzle. He does not speak to please; he does not try to adorn with rhetoric; he does not look for stories to enliven, far less to amuse; he does not seek to provoke laughter, but slaughter. Life is too serious in its great efforts to stop and laugh. To such a man public speech is never oratory or address, it is always debate. All emotion is moral emotion and every effort is fraught with eternal seriousness.

Such a man, so far, was the young Geo. M. Dewey as he went out from his childhood in New Hampshire to front a world and with the spirit of old emblems on the crest of the Norse pick, said "I will find a way or make it."

Such a man in many regards Mr. Dewey continued to be. I never recall a speech he made, an editorial written, a defense of a position in any utterance, that did not partake of those elements. It was that which gave an earnestness to what he said on any theme that to another type of mind at times seemed more serious than was warranted. It was that which led him to conduct the paper he edited in his later life, The Odd Fellow, in such a manner that every issue but one was his very own. It was that which gave such an air of conviction to all he said and wrote, which controlled his very diction, charging and surcharging it with terms of certainty, with terms of intensest positiveness that would lead many to say "how great the conceit."

Unless we can see clearly this element of mental and physical strength we shall not understand this man. His mentality proved the stronger. Its intensity rushed him along till it wore out a massive and magnificent physique, without the aid of any of the vices of an intemperate life, before he was three score and three years old.

I am not at all concerned now with the causes which operated through a long New England ancestry, or came in the inspiration of the hills, now clad in garments of green, now aflame with the glory of New Hampshire autumn, nor the odds of the simpler life of his boyhood home, these all helped in producing the result, but the result at that time was a mind and body alive and conscious with strength and the dominant force in the early character is strength. In teaching, in journalism, in politics, every expression will reveal this consciousness of strength. The very voice of the man will gather to itself a quality which I can best describe to myself as a voice alive with the agony of intensity.

Now this man starts in life a teacher. Of course he will succeed to a large degree, yet his success will come more through his ambition as a young man to excel in what he undertakes, than because the aggregate of qualities as they are dominated by strength show him best fitted for school life. He will handle his schools well, because the element that usually disturbs his order is an element that respects strength, and he will master all he is set to teach, and add the sacred impressiveness of his intensity of conviction to all he touches in the school-room.

But in the long run he had better be elsewhere to find a field fitted for his mind. That field comes to his vision in journalism and politics.

But Mr. Dewey enters journalism and politics with political ideas and convictions when clouds gather over increasing areas and of more dense darkness. To enter these fields then was to enter an arena, it was to enter the very dust of a battle that demanded an energy, a positiveness of the most commanding kind.

From 1854 down to 1885 we see this man, a young man from 23 to 33 years of age, using all his energies accumulating knowledge relative to our nation's political history, and using it by words written and spoken, when a nation's anger was at white heat.

A cause throbs in his brain, burns in his heart, speaks from his lips, as sacred as ever engaged man's time or thought, the union of the nation and the freedom of the slave. For his interest in these he would offer no apology, for the success of these he would seek no easy blow. Now you see, I think that the very elements dominant in his nature became intensified when in the order of his early public life he is making permanent his character.

But that we have so far seen leads to two other things. One is the same strong convictions to go on, carrying the idea that having seen a preserved union and an emancipated race between 1854 and 1885, what this means must be preserved and perfected, and the same political intensity goes on with him in his later life. The other fact being that into all his nature has been borne a new vision of such terms as equality and fraternity.

I am not going to stand here and say that when Geo. M. Dewey recited bewildering columns of statistics relative to tariff, and proved to his own satisfaction that the great system of protection which he preached with the ardor of an evangelist, was right in his conclusions, I am not concerned with that. But I will say this, he believed as truly as he believed in himself, that he pleaded the cause of all toil. I will say as lowly, for to him all toil was lofty. Whatever it was to others, to him the rebellion was a slave-holders war against

honest toil, that was not requited, and its crushing was the elevation of all toilers to a higher and more manly life and the form of tariff he urged was to maintain that higher and more manly life. And that conception of the equality of laborers as it of brain or brawn, became a vital part of his deepest life.

Then, too, out from all those years of conflict, came a new sense of the term fraternity. That led him I will not say into lodge membership, but into lodge life. He had entered lodge membership before he came west, as Michigan was then called, but he entered lodge life later. If it were not for some things already said, I might now say, "Let us turn for a few moments and look at his religious life." But this I have been speaking of was part of his religious life. Still thinking of that we in general mean when speaking of a man's religion, I want to look at it. Mr. Dewey was not a church member. He was a believer in that redemption unto life by God, our Father, in Jesus Christ our Lord, for which the church stands.

He was reared in New England, in a time when disbelief in the systematized faith of the churches, as uttered in creeds, was esteemed as irreligion. He came out from New England, then the great center of Congregationalism, to a region where religious thinking was dominated by the Presbyterian confession of faith, which was an enlarged and intensified New England creed. He was reared in New England, where Congregationalism asked honest, sincere subscription to a creed, because it gave every church member, of voting age, the right to voice and vote in modifying or changing its creed. On no point, essential to man's salvation, but on other matters mentioned in these creeds—he did not agree with the creeds. But his reverence for that for which churches stood, led him to maintain silence, except as he was spoken to by others in a quiet manner on these matters.

He had a very strong love for the liturgical in religious service, but a far stronger love for the equality of the brotherhood in the churches. He learned very early in life to grasp the essential distinction between our Congregational churches and others as resting not in tenets, not in liturgy, not in forms, but as resting in one word, Liberty.

I recite here what I have talked with him repeatedly in one form or other.

Mr. Dewey saw more clearly than many a member of this church saw, that under the doctrine of the Lordship of Jesus Christ, the only thing this church could do to lose its position as a Congregational church, would be to deny liberty of voice and vote on all matters to all members of reasonable age, and that any other church in this community would lose denominational position the moment it granted that liberty. Then, not agreeing in some matters with its theological declarations, he could abide outside its membership, but not seem to quarrel with it, when, if in its membership, he might seem to disturb its peace with his temperamental and his beliefs. Through three years of a passtime of five years, I knew, appreciated, and respected his position. I, as profoundly, respect it now. When the National Council of Congregational churches four years ago placed itself on record in the consensus of opinion offered that our creeds were to be considered not as tests of character, but as testimonies of our faith, then were the conditions so changed with him that he would have easily responded to any cordial invitation to have declared his position by uniting with the church, which thing he would have done had health permitted, because he had lived to see these objectionable things pass away.

But this which I have thus far said is really a rough sketch of conditions which largely furnish reasons for another fact. Mr. Dewey was an Odd Fellow. He was not only a member of the lodge, he was an Odd Fellow in the spirit of his life. I do not believe any man who has gone from the outer courts to the tent of the Patriarchs, would be less liable to confuse the province of the lodge with that of the church, than Bro. Geo. M. Dewey. Still, in point of fact, Mr. Dewey did find in the lodge much that met his needs. In the first place, its liturgical service, its emblematic teachings met a phase of his nature that was real and conscious.

Again, its cardinal principles did fit into what his nature and life had led him to exalt, while its practical helpfulness in the aid rendered the sick and bereaved, appealed to a love for family and affection that was as deep as his life. Again, it furnished for him a place where he could be active in all these lines. He believed in that he proclaimed, and sought to foster all the good for which the Order stands.

But he avoided the excess to which some slip, of contrasting church and lodge to the apparent detriment of the church. His mind was too clear to confuse the church, that asks no test of health, no payment of dues, that gathers alike rich and poor into its fellowship, often far beyond what it can help, with the lodge that selects along lines of health and withholds aid on failure to meet dues.

He clearly recognized the fraternal, the co-operative beneficiary nature of the purpose and work of the lodge, but kept it in his mind where it should be, not confusing it with the voluntary, moral and spiritual institution which the church is. He studied with great care its principles, its methods, its laws, its history and found that in Odd Fellowship, which most attracted his attention, won his sympathy and commanded his time. With such a preparation in nature and experience as I have referred to, he came to the work of editing THE ODD FELLOW, which was done with marked ability.

Running all through this career was his attitude on the question of temperance. He was a strong opposer of the American saloon. He believed in the suppression, by law, of the saloon, yet he could not in conscience and judgment commit himself to a party in politics which, though named prohibition, did not promise him, as he saw it, to reach the result desired. Here, as in other matters, I do not seek to defend but simply to locate his attitudes. It was just such an attitude as would evoke opposition. In the minds of many party friends in the republican party he would be considered far too radical, and so a party menace, because of his outspoken advocacy of prohibition; while with many in the prohibition party he would be seen as not being a strong enough prohibitionist, in fact, as anything but a prohibitionist.

That position which makes a man to be misunderstood by so many, he occupied conspicuously, because of political temperance questions, for a series of years, particularly from 1880 to 1890 (and possibly beyond), in Michigan. Thus while so closely related to all that has marked the political life of the state and nation since 1854, more than two score years (always in the republican party), aside from one term as state senator, he has held no state elective office. Mr. Dewey did not have that—call it tact, call it diplomacy, call it political instinct, that something by which men attain to position in these regards, where, as in political parties, factions elements have to be conciliated, he must enter his convictions in a manner and with any energy that political expediency did not always warrant.

That which in the life of fraternities is needed for wise guidance he had, and in the R. T. of T. and Odd Fellows it was recognized and he rose to the places of great commanding eminence and leadership, such as is denied such natures as his in the realm of party.

I am not going to say these matters I have referred to were so immense and great as he thought and felt. That is something about which he and many of us disagreed when he was here and his death has not altered at all your judgment touching the majesty or meanness of what was to him "the grand old party," "the American system of protection" or any of these questions. To him they were vital and commanding realities. He thought them by day, he dreamed them by night, he wrote them, he talked them, he would arouse for their defense and hurl the weight of all his strength against their opponents. The result is a great, strong, angular nature, whose deepest moral life thus goes forth. To such a nature many things a weaker man, a more cautious man would early and clearly see, he would not in the consuming ardor of his soul. I question if any of his neighbors were more conscious than himself of that lack of what is termed "political sagacity." Few men had a more powerful will by which it might have been attained, but to him its attainment would have cost such a denial of his real feelings and convictions that he would not pay the cost. So, in matters of journalism and politics, he often appeared as an antagonist of terrible energy, and he was, but his contentions were for truths as he saw and felt them.

But to sit down with him, to meet him in the quiet of friendship, in the confidence of this church, saw where the man of strength resided in the man of affection, and Mr. Dewey did have a great heart.

Despising all that marked the vices of life, detesting the little small gossip that so many follow, not having cultivated to any marked extent and not endowed largely with a sense of light humor, I apprehend that many would fail to see the heart behind the rugged form, and feel the tremor of a subtle sympathy in that nature that could lighten and thunder in a storm. You who met him in the lodge saw more of this than those who merely met him in the street. But it was seen most where we are at once our very best and our very worst, in the home. There they knew whose lives he touched most deeply, that the strength of mind and body did not exceed the strength of heart that was his. The treasure of that memory is to them above all wealth. The tenderness of the father abides in the memory of the home. To its sacredness I shall open no doors. But the years of illness come. The decay of physical power is apparent. Closer and closer to the home he must keep. The steps lose their firmness, the face takes on a pallor as from the grave. Then comes to this man a form of illness that physicians tell us rages the nerves, drives men to an impatience that verges on madness. The weakness increases, the aggravating conditions intensify. Once more strength gathers into his life, once more he enters the arena for a stern and final debate; now, as often before, he invokes his Father God and the God of his fathers, in this conflict with all those conditions in any nature, intensified in his, that make men petulant, impatient, more than hard to get on with, and he conquers it all. Calm, patient, he has vanquished that which he had no right to rule, and like a child who has passed in his mother's arms, the patience of the man is the crowning surprise to those nearest him. Thus he awaits, ready to surrender, if he must, to death, but hoping one day more, that he may recall the time when forty years before he accepted in trust the happiness of his bride, to whom he in turn gave his love, his manhood, his life. That day came not to him on the earth. His coming found her a widow, his children fatherless, himself in another land, awaiting their home coming steps.

He has wrought his way, and sent the influence of his life in all the lines of his varied activities. These can not be gathered up and measured. There is no eye so keen that it can follow them, no mind so subtle that it can analyze them. They are a part of that history written on the unseen nature of man and society. But the purpose that ran through it all was the good of those whom he might help.

Like all of us, he did not reach his ideal. Like few of us, he never lost it. If this afternoon, and as we think of him in the future, we can keep clear in mind those forces which lay at the heart of his being, those truths he sought to realize for others, we shall feel that though the forms in which they were clad by him may perish, the truths themselves shall abide. His work was not in vain.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist; Not its semblance but itself; no beauty, nor Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melody.

When eternity affirms the conceptions of an hour. The high that proved too high, the heroic too earth too hard. The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky. Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard. Enough that he heard it once, we shall hear it by and by.

More than ever we need to feel that all those truths which as ideals catch up, control, conduct, conquer a life are from above. Their roots are in heaven, their foliage on the earth. We do not make them, they make us.

Around rude altars thrown together by careless hands, worshippers may gather; before the altars expressive of the highest art has reached, devout souls may cluster, but through it all the impulse of the fellowship of life and love may come. It will teach us the much which to the unsympathetic mind is

only fancy and poetry is to the mind of sympathy, life and deepest truth. But all sympathy finds its best interpretation through that life where the human will has passed into the will of the Infinite and eternal.

O, lives that shall endure When all that seems shall suffer shock. Rise in the spiritual rock. Flow through our deeds and make them pure. That we may lift from out the dust A voice as unto him that hears. A cry above the conquered years. To one that with us works and trusts. With faith that comes of self-control. The truths that ever can be proved. Until we close with all we loved, And all we flow from, soul in soul.

While we speak the word of sympathy we speak the larger word of hope. It pencils before our tearful eyes the bow of promise across a stormy sky, and writes in colors that control to calmness the sorrow of the heart, the story of a life, not perfect but purposeful, even with a purpose begotten of God. For such a life we return our thanks. Into its memory we infuse God's might and its future in the heavens, with largest hopes we joyfully leave with our Father, God.

Resolutions of condolence adopted by Owosso Lodge No. 88, I. O. O. F., on Friday, June 4, in memory of P. G. M. and P. G. R. Hon. Geo. M. Dewey, who died May 27, 1897.

WHEREAS, The Supreme Ruler of the Universe in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to remove from our midst by death our well beloved brother, P. G. M., Geo. M. Dewey, who was a zealous member of our Order and putting in his devotion to the best interests of our lodge therefore

Resolved, That in the death of our brother, P. G. M., Geo. M. Dewey, this lodge has lost an exemplary member, a true Odd Fellow and one who practiced the principles of Friendship, Love and Truth in his every day life.

Resolved, That in the death of P. G. M. and P. G. R., Hon. Geo. M. Dewey, the Order in Michigan has lost one of its ablest, most effective and devoted advocates; one, who by reason of his strong and active mental powers has done more, both by voice and pen, to build up the interests of Odd Fellowship in this state during the past decade than any other living man.

Resolved, That while we bow in humble submission to the will of our Divine Master, we are reminded of our own mortality and pray to God to sanctify this visitation to our spiritual good.

Resolved, That we do at this time tender to the bereaved family of the deceased our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this hour of their sore bereavement.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the next thirty days as a token of respect to the memory of the deceased; that these resolutions be spread on the journal of the lodge; that a copy thereof be presented to the widow and family of the deceased and a copy of the same furnished to THE ODD FELLOW for publication.

A. L. FOWLER, FRANK W. SMITH, G. F. NORD, Committee.

The members of Star of Hope Lodge No. 80, D. of R., realize deeply the great loss that has come to them in the death of Bro. Geo. M. Dewey, who was one of its founders years ago, and since then its interests have been dear to his heart. Not only in words of sound advice has he manifested this but in acts of generosity in his quiet way, thus fulfilling the Divine command, "Let not the left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

One by one the golden links are being severed, and the vacant chairs in our lodge room are a reminder to us "to be also ready." Although hushed is our brother's voice, he yet speaketh, and the influence of his life of morality and good deeds no man can measure. Therefore

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved wife and each member of the family our sincere sympathy in this trial that has come into their lives, and may the memories of his honorable life spent in trying to benefit others be a source of comfort in the days to come. We commend them to the God of all grace and consolation.

Resolved, That a page of the record of this lodge be devoted to the memory of our brother; that the charter be draped in mourning; that a copy of these resolutions be given to the family, also to THE ODD FELLOW for publication.

SARAH A. WILEY, AUGUSTA ZIMMERMAN, Owosso, June 7, 1897.

Deafness Cannot be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHEREY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c.

Captain Francis Martin of Detroit, who has just celebrated his 97th birthday, was present at the Paris funeral of Napoleon the Great.

James Smalley, aged 15, of Holland, Mich., went hunting. His gun exploded, blowing off his head.

Mrs. Ber Robinson of Central Lake, Mich., suddenly became insane. She threw her baby across the room and died in convulsions.

"Our little girl had diarrhea in a very bad form. We tried everything we could think of but without effect until we got Dr. Fowler's Kidney and Bladder Pills, which helped her right away." Mrs. Anna Brogan, Verban, Sanilac Co., Mich.

Mississippi's Best Citizens. Clarinda, Miss. June 9.—Ex-Mayor G. B. Mosley, a banker of this town, was shot and killed yesterday by Mayor C. W. Wise in the street in front of the latter's office. Wise is in custody. A small law suit in which Mosley was interested was tried before the mayor last week and the decision of the latter displeased Mosley. The ill-feeling has been growing since, culminating in yesterday's shooting. Both men had firearms, and opinions differ as to which first made a threatening movement.

Everybody Says So. Casenets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, acts gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, clearing the system, curing constipation, cure hemorrhoids, nervous habit, constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. today, 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

OLD FORT MACKINAC.

Hon. Peter White Seeks to Have It Re-Established.

HIS MISSION WILL PROBABLY FAIL.

Senator McMillan Does Not Favor the Scheme—How Money Might Be Realized from the Island—Lively Michigan Post-Office Fight—Famous Wolverines Who Were at the National Capital During the Past Week.

Washington, June 1.—Hon. Peter White of Marquette has been here for several days urging the Michigan senators and representatives to undertake congressional action looking to the re-establishment of Fort Mackinac, which has been deeded to the United States for garrison purposes. Authority for this was granted by the legislature last winter.

Peter White is one of the most honorable and respected citizens of Michigan and came here by authority of the Mackinac park board. He has been exceedingly diplomatic but urgent, and undoubtedly believes, as the park board believes, that the continuance of a fort on the island is a necessity.

The army appropriation bill of the Fifty-third congress made over Fort Mackinac to the state of Michigan about three years ago. At that time a syndicate was formed in Buffalo for the purpose of purchasing the island for private purposes. The Michigan senators, however, intervened and secured the park for the state, and so worded the law that no private syndicate should obtain possession.

No Strategic Necessity. As a matter of fact there is no strategic necessity for the fort on the historic island. The army posts at Chicago, Detroit, and St. Louis have recently been enlarged, and consequently the government decided to abandon Fort Mackinac and the island.

The railroad and steamboat companies want the fort re-established because its existence would have a tendency to increase the number of summer visitors who use the transportation routes. It happens that Senator McMillan is president of a steamboat company, but that fact will not influence him in the matter. He will not favor the re-establishment of a fort on the island, and consequently it is likely that the mission of Peter White will result in failure.

Of course, Senator McMillan will have the settlement of the matter, because he is the senator from the eastern part of the state and Senator Burrows will not interfere. It is believed that Senator McMillan has in view an object which will ultimately result in the permanent beautification of the island, and the maintenance of its parks and roadways by the national government.

The Purchase of Mackinac.

By act of congress the battlefields of Gettysburg and Chickamauga have been purchased and are to be permanently maintained. A bill is now pending to purchase the battlefields about Vicksburg. The condition of the treasury is such, however, that this bill is not likely to be passed at the present time. Senator McMillan has an idea that when the condition of the treasury is such as to warrant it something should be done to purchase one of the historic battlefields of the war of 1812, and when that time arrives the purchase of Mackinac will be considered, and will probably be carried through.

In the meantime the ground rents on Mackinac island can be increased in a legitimate manner and the park and roadway be maintained by the state of Michigan. Some of the cottages on the island are worth from \$15,000 to \$20,000, and instead of paying a ground rent of \$20 to \$25 per annum each of them should bring a rent of about \$100 per year. With proper management it is believed that from \$15,000 to \$20,000 per annum might be realized from ground rents and the park be thus maintained.

Useful as Well as Interesting.

The post and barracks might be made useful as well as interesting by having the state militia regiments sent there, one after another, during the summer season to remain two or three weeks at a time; and that will probably be the ultimate outcome of the disposition of Mackinac island, posts, barracks, and park.

One of the liveliest postoffice fights that has agitated the postoffice department for some time is being waged in Mayville. There are seven candidates and each one of them is trying to demonstrate to the postmaster general that the other six candidates are incompetent. The term of the present incumbent will expire June 23, and in the meantime it will devolve upon Senator McMillan to name the man who shall be appointed. It is a pretty contest and the senator is as yet unable to decide who should receive his recommendation.

Michigan Visitors at Washington.

Among the Michigan visitors here during the past week were Alex. R. Avery of Port Huron, who confidently expects to be appointed collector of customs for the Huron district; E. P. Waldon of St. Johns, who is interested in the post-office appointments of Clinton county, and who was successful in securing the lease for the St. Johns postoffice; W. H. Boyet and William K. Alden of Grand Rapids; S. D. McIntyre of Lansing, C. T. Burkhardt of Adrian, A. A. Raymond of Detroit, the editor of the Mt. Pleasant Enterprise, and Professor Spencer of the Indian school at Mt. Pleasant. Charles Wright of Detroit, who is a prominent candidate for collector of internal revenue, was also here and had a short conference with Senator McMillan.

Henry R. Huntington of Benton Harbor, Edgar O. Shaw of Newaygo, and Ramsey Arthur of Schoolcraft were among the presidential postmasters appointed during the week.

Mrs. R. A. Alger has returned to Detroit for a short visit. Assistant Secretary Spaulding has been in New York for several days on business of the treasury department.

On Decoration Day at West Point General Alger, in his capacity as secretary of war, accepted the battle monument on behalf of the government, and then gave it in the keeping of the authorities of the military academy.

Benjamin A. Harlan, one time probate judge of Kent county, has been appointed chief of the financial division of the pension office, with a salary of \$2,000. He is secretary of the Michigan association, and has done a great deal

to keep the Michigan people together in the national capital.

Across the river from the national capital, beneath the shade of trees, pampered by the invisible but tangible perfume of millions of flowers, sheltered by the wings of angels, in their last earthly bivouac, 20,000 soldiers of the republic sleep forever in Arlington cemetery. Not only on the beautiful May day do loving hearts and willing hands cover their graves with garlands, but upon every day of the year their eternal camping ground is visited, and skilled landscape gardeners make beautiful the mounds in which they lie. Some of them in life hungered and thirsted in Andersonville and Libby; hungered and thirsted not alone for the bread of life and the pure waters of the wells, brooks and rivulets of their childhood, but hungered and thirsted for the love of the dear ones at home. Now that they are beyond all human help and sympathy, they have the love of a nation and the gratitude of all who worship heroism.

Today they have high honor; the hillside for their pall. They lie in state, while angels wait, with stars for tapers tall. The oaks and pines, like toiling plumes, over their mounds do wave. And the sunlight of God, with love, kisses the sod, which grows green over each grave. They were as noble soldiers as ever buckled sword. They had as brave commanders as ever uttered word. And never earth's philosopher traced with golden pen, the death of a hero. Upon the deathless page, truths half so sage, as they fought out for men.

It has been more than a quarter of a century since the inauguration of the custom of decorating the graves of the dead soldiers annually; and it is to be hoped that the custom may be continued forever. The passing of the years, however, makes a great change in the way people look at things. Decoration day is a legal holiday which has been uniformly observed by the veterans and by the people. But the manner of decorating the graves of the soldiers differs very materially from the first Decoration day, and the people have changed in their habits more than they would be willing to admit.

First Observance of the Day.

Many of us can remember the fact that when Decoration day was first observed, the poignant grief of the survivors of the war was an emotion to which all other feelings were subordinated. In those days the sight of the graves of the dead soldiers caused the grief of the people, the widows and orphans, and their friends, to break out afresh; and by reason of the fact that a majority of the women were clothed in black, the scenes on the grounds were usually exceedingly solemn. In those days young girls, dressed in white, distributed flowers in particular places, making the contrast sharper, and bringing out in a stronger light the deep emotion of the mourning crowds that came together on those occasions.

Colonel Urell, past commander of the department of the Potomac, says: "I remember that in those days romantic things were constantly happening. Many persons who had been enemies in the years before the war, would be suddenly revealed to each other by some little act of common sympathy or impulse beside the grave of some friend, and their friendship would be renewed. I remember, in particular, this ceremonial making the contrast sharper, and bringing out in a stronger light the deep emotion of the mourning crowds that came together on those occasions. A young man who had married the daughter of a neighbor, against the will of his father, volunteered when the war broke out, went into the army without a word or good-bye to his parents and was shot dead at Resaca. Through the efforts of the family of his widow his remains were brought home and interred in the old cemetery.

The Reconciliation.

"His grave was beautified by the hands of a loving woman, and when the first formal Decoration day observance came around, the soldiers who came to that spot laden with flowers, found it already so beautiful and improved in its decorations that they did not add a single bud. After the ground had almost been deserted, late in the afternoon of that fair May day, a little woman, clad in black, and deeply veiled came with her little boy to kneel at the grave, rearrange the flowers, and moisten them with the dewdrops of grief. Very shortly afterwards and while she was kneeling there, there came to the other side a trembling, feeble, shattered old man, supported by an elderly lady, with snow-white hair, vying with her own forehead in whiteness, and strongly contrasting with her crape bonnet. As the kneeling widow raised her eyes, the old man dropped his cane, extended his arms, saying nothing; the little widow arose, went to him, kissed him, and laid her head upon his shoulder and the reconciliation was complete. He was the father of her husband; and she was the widow of his dead boy. It was very affecting, indeed."

Such scenes in these later days are very rare, and Decoration day is rather an occasion of rejoicing and congratulations upon the work and good deeds done by the dead than of grief for their loss on the field of battle.

While we weep for the fallen and mourn for the loved and lost, while the nation scatters flowers over the silent soldiers of the republic whose martial tread once shook the world; we should have a share of sympathy and a goodly store of kindness for the living remnants of the great volunteer armies. Tens of thousands of them are marching grimly into the jaws of death, bravely and unflinchingly; but there is no excitement, no huzzas, no comradeship in facing death by disease and old age.

What a pity it was that the boys who fell in battle or died in hospitals during the war could not have looked into the eyes of loving friends at home and heard the words of cheer which might have fallen from the lips of mother, wife, sister, or sweetheart. It was added pang to them all to die alone without a ray of the light of sympathy or love. If we now appreciate their services, their heroism, their patriotism, their sufferings, in defense of the national life and honor; we will, on each Emancipation day, mingle words of cheer for the living, with our tears for the dead.

DUNBAR.

F. W. Ayer of Bangor, Me., has a collection of postage stamps which ranks third in the world. He recently returned from London, where he was honored by the philatelists (including the Duke of York), and it is reported that he sold a single stamp of the Hawaiian issue of 1851 for nearly \$3,500.